

THE DOLLAR WEEKLY BULLETIN.

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MAYSVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1863.

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THE BULLETIN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
ROSS & ROSSER,
Editors and Proprietors.

MAYSVILLE, THURSDAY, JUNE 4

The Comic Post.

When from my room I chance to stray
To spend an hour at close of day,
I ever find the place most dear
Where some friend treats to lager beer.

—*Sacramento Age.*

Ah! yes, my friend of city life,
Sure such a treat comes such a strife,
But better than such a dose by far,
Are pleasures of a fine cigar.

—*Placer Herald.*

Such pleasures may suit baser minds,
But with the good no favor finds;
We think the purest joy in life
Is making love to one's own wife.

—*Volcano Register.*

Most wise your choice, my worthy friend,
In hymen's joys your cares to end;
But when you think of single life,
Can't boast of our own wife,
And so when 'neath our cares we faint,
We fly to kiss the gall that ain't—yet.

—*Reporter.*

That lager beer will provoke
Bile, while "fine Havana" and in smoke,
Than lager beer or vile cigar,
Kisses, the dew of Love's young morn,
Break on the lips as soon as born.
These are all bought to the greatest joy—
The first proud glance at your first born boy.

—*Evening Ledger.*

'Tis true a boy's a wish for blessing,
But then suppose the first a girl!
A dear sweet child, with ways caressing,
With pouting lips and flaken curl,
With dimpled cheek and laughing eye,
To come and bid "papa" good-by—
So whether boy or whether girl,
Embrace the babe and then the mother.

—*San Fran. Globe.*

All the above are but mere sounds,
Gaining a paragraph as they go round;
But here is something that surely wins,
'Tis when your wife presents you twins;
The larger they are the better,
Are enough to this great joy,
The first proud glance
At both girl and boy,
As in the arms of the mother,
You turn first from one to the other,
And in an ecstasy of glee,
You first embrace, then kiss all three.

—*Durham Gazette.*

The Author of Sweet Home.

The following is an extract respecting the author of "Sweet Home":

"As I sat in a garret here (in Washington) watching the course of great men and the destiny of party, I often met with strange contradiction in this eventful life.

"The most remarkable was that of J. Howard Payne, author of 'Sweet Home.' I knew him personally. He occupied the room under me for some time, and his conversation was so captivating that I often spent whole days in his apartment. He was an applicant for office at the time—consul at Tunis—from which he had been removed. What a sad thing it was to see the poet subjected to all the humiliation of office seeking. Of an evening he would walk the streets. On such occasions he would give me a history of his wanderings—his trials, and all cares incident to his sensitive and poverty. 'How often,' said he once, 'I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, and London, or some other city, and heard persons singing or hand organs playing 'Sweet Home,' without a shilling to buy the next meal, or a place to lay my head. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody. Yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from my office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for my bread.

"Thus he would complain of his hopeless lot. His only wish was to die in a foreign land, to be buried by strangers, and sleep in obscurity. Poor Payne! his wish was realized. He died at Tunis. His remains should be brought to this country and a monument erected to him by the homeless, with this inscription: 'Here lies J. Howard Payne, author of 'Sweet Home.' A wanderer in life—he whose songs were sung in every tongue, and found an echo in every heart, never had a home. He died in a foreign land."

IMMORTALITY. How beautiful is the following gem:

"Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away, and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their nightly festival around the midnight throne, are placed above the reach of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon the heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be set out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful thing that passes before us like a meteor, will stay in our presence forever."

ENGLISH GIRLS.—The English girl spends more than half her waking hours in physical amusements, which tends to develop, invigorate, and ripen the bodily powers. She rides, walks, dances, and rows upon the water, runs, drives, plays, sings, jumps the rope, throws the ball, burles the quoit, draws the bow, keeps up the shuttlecock, and all this without having it pressed forever on her mind that she is thereby wasting her time. She does this every day, until it becomes a habit which she will follow up through life. Her frame, as a natural consequence, is large, her muscular system is in better subordination, her strength more enduring, and the whole tone of her voice healthier. Girls, think of this.

The Shadow of Life.

"All that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity."

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the dark shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the face of the loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonism of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all our feasts.

We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not wish to lie down in the mouldy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed-fellows. But the flat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or reprieve from the great law that dooms us all to the dust. We flourish and fade like the leaves of the forest; and the frailest flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a frailer hold on life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth by his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish like the grass, and the countless multitude that swarms the world to day will to-morrow disappear like foot-prints on the shore.

Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
Each trace shall vanish from the sand."

In the beautiful tragedy of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquent uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. It is nature's prophesy of life to come. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his betrothed Clemanthe asks if they shall not meet again; to which he replies: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal; of the flowing streams that flow forever; of the stars among whose fields my raised spirit hath walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy living face, I feel there's something in thy love which mantle through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again Clemanthe."

The Black Heifer Policy.

Major Jack Downing hits off the ultra Administration policy in the conduct of the war in the following pointed style. The "black heifer" mark makes loose work, and is considerably conspicuous:

The war has been carried on by us just like old Sol Pendergast's boy plowed. Old Sol took his oldest boy Adam, a thick headed fellow, out one spring, set him to plowing. He told him to go to work and strike a furrow across a field to a "black heifer," and then keep on. After giving this direction, old Sol went off to the house and let Adam alone. The boy started his oxen in a bee-line for the black heifer, but when he got pretty close to her, she threw up her tail and ran off in another direction. Adam thought he must follow the heifer, no matter where she went; he struck another bee-line for her, and with just the same result. When he got close to her, the heifer gave another frisk with her tail, and off she went. Adam goed his oxen around, and struck for her again; and so he kept on all day. At night the old man came out to see how Adam had got along. He found the field all cut up, with furrows, zigzag, criss-cross, and in every direction, and asked Adam what on earth it meant? "Wal," said the thick-headed numskull, "you told me to steer for the black heifer, an' I've done it all day, but the darned critter would not stand still, and the furrows are a kinder criss-cross, you see." Now see if 'that is just what Linkin has been doing.' Greely told him to steer for the nigger, and the result is just like Adam Pendergast's plowing. There's a considerable fightin been done, but it is all criss-cross, zigzag, and don't amount to nothing.

"STONEWALL" JACKSON.—Many people suppose that Jackson received the title of "Stonewall" because he fought at some battle under the protection of a stone-wall. This is a mistake. At the first battle of Bull Run, Jackson was a Colonel in the rebel army, commanding a brigade. During the day his brigade was under a most terrific fire from the Union artillery. General Johnston and Beauregard rode up to Jackson and suggested that he had better withdraw his troops a short distance out of range of the guns. He replied, "No, I think not; my brigade is as firm under fire as a stone-wall." After this, his brigade was called by the rebels "the Stonewall Brigade." The morning before he died, in speaking of his brigade, he said, "Men who live through this war will be proud to say to their children, 'I was one of the Stonewall Brigade.'" He always insisted that the term "Stonewall" belonged to his brigade, and not to himself.

TRIMMLES OUT OF FASHION.—A lady remarked to the editor of the Independent, that so accustomed was she to wearing her trimmings when sewing, that she now never puts down the needle without putting it in the management of the machine. Her finger does not feel right without it. Yet, notwithstanding the power of habit, this little implement seems in danger of going out of use, along with many other familiar articles of domestic use, now superseded by new inventions. All sorts of sewing are now done by machinery, and the time will come when the needle and the thimble will be as little seen in the hands of women as the distaff and the spindle are now.

THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS AND DRAFTING.—A Washington dispatch says: "Attorney General Bates has prepared an opinion, which, it is said, is accepted by the Department, that the law of Congress, regarding the payment of three hundred dollars in lieu of service, and when a person is drafted, is mandatory, and that this sum, and not less, must be fixed in all such cases, and it is also held that this only exempts the party from that particular draft when the money is paid; and that a similar liability is incurred upon each and every draft."

THE BLUE OF HEAVEN refreshes the eye of the soul when it rests upon it, as much as the green of the earth does the body.

Two Fast for Them.

This is a great country for jokes, and we have just had one that is too good to keep.

Early this morning there were added to our company of travelers a pair who looked very like runaways, the gentleman a tall, raw-boned specimen of the "half-horse, half-alligator" class, and the lady a fair match for him. Among the passengers from Napoleon was a solemn-looking gentleman, who had all along been taken for a preacher. About nine o'clock last night, I was conversing with the "reverend" individual, when a young man stepped up, and addressing him, remarked: "We're going to have a wedding, and would like to have you officiate." "All right, sir," he replied, laughingly, and we stepped into the ladies' cabin, when, sure enough the couple stood waiting. There had been several "kissing games" and several mock marriages gone through with during the evening, and I supposed this was merely a continuation of the sport; and so thought the preacher, who, I could see, had a good deal of humor in him, and was inclined to promote general good feeling and merriment. The couple stood up before him—a good deal more solemn than was necessary in mock marriage, I thought—and the "preacher" asked the necessary questions, and then, proceeding in the usual way, pronounced them "husband and wife." There was a good deal of fun afterward, and when it was over I left the cabin, and so did the "preacher," who remarked to me that he liked to see the young folks enjoying themselves, and took a good deal of pleasure in contributing to their fun—but he did not understand why they selected him to act the preacher. Just then some one called me aside, and the old gentleman stepped into his stateroom, which was next to mine. When I returned, the door stood open, and the "preacher" stood just inside with his coat and vest off, and one boot in his hand, talking with the gentleman who had played the "attendant," and who, as I came up, remarked: "Well, if that's the case, it is a good joke, for they are in dead earnest, and have gone to the same stateroom. The old gentleman raised both hands, and he exclaimed: 'Good heavens! you don't tell us so!' and rushing just as he was, boot in hand, to the stateroom indicated, commenced an assault on the door, as if he would break it down, exclaiming, at each lick:

"For heaven's sake don't! I ain't a preacher!"

The whole cabin was aroused, every stateroom flying open with a slam, when the door opened, and the "Arkansas traveler," poking out his head, coolly remarked: "Old boss, you're too late!"

A NEW YORK JUDGE INTENDS TO BECOME A MEMBER OF A LOYAL LEAGUE.—His Excellency, the following letter from Judge Russell, of New York city, has just been published. It explains itself:

"No. 39 WALL-STREET, March 24, 1863.

"To Otis D. Swan, Esq., Secretary of Union League:

"Sir—I am in receipt of your circular letter of the 18th inst., informing me that I have been elected a member of the 'Union League,' and asking me to signify, in writing, my acceptance of membership without delay, &c.

"I know not to whom I am indebted for the mistaken kindness shown in my election as a member of the association, but I hasten to say that I decline to become a member, or to transmit the initiation fee and annual dues (amounting to \$50), for reasons which I will briefly state:

"To the abstract principles of the 'League,' as enunciated in the circular sent me, I certainly do not dissent; but I have no confidence in the political Joseph Surface who express these 'excellent sentiments.' In the list of your officers and Executive Committee, I recognize but a few with whom I should be willing to associate politically, the great majority of them being well known Abolition agitators, who can not, in my humble opinion, be loyal to any principle of the Federal Constitution. The Constitution is the Union, and without it the Union is not possible nor desirable. Your League is principally made up of a class of politicians who have for years been advocates of that 'higher law,' which has contributed so largely to bring about the war. The President of the Executive Committee was an indorser of that infamous publication, the 'Herald'; one of your most distinguished members lately preached a sermon which abounded not only with treason, but with sentiments abhorrent to humanity; and while you as a body endeavor to conceal the cloven foot of Abolitionism beneath cunningly worded asseverations of fidelity to the Constitution, most of you are known to indorse the sentiments of Thaddeus Stevens, the late leader of your party in lower House of Congress, who declared: 'Never, with my consent, shall the Union be restored as it was under the Constitution.'

"In conclusion, without desiring to be uncharitable, I think that there is a large African in your 'League,' and that its objects are to induce Democrats to contribute money to be secretly used against their friends in the coming Connecticut election, and to renege a reign of terror, such as existed in the spring of 1861, when every man was denounced as a traitor, who dared to think for himself; and when 'loyal' Abolitionists (2) paraded the streets, decorated with badges, to distinguish themselves, just as show-boats are marked in the market.

"Your obedient servant,
S. P. RUSSELL."

THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS AND DRAFTING.—A Washington dispatch says:

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A Touching Scene.

I was conversing not long since with a returned volunteer.

"I was in the hospital, as nurse, for a long time," said he, "and assisted in taking off limbs and dressing all sorts of wounds; but the hardest thing I ever did was to take my thumbs off a man's leg."

"Ah!" said I, "how was that?"

Then he told me:

"It was a young man who had a severe wound in the thigh. The ball passed completely through and amputation was necessary. The limb was cut off close up to the body, the arteries taken up and he seemed to be doing well. Subsequently one of the small arteries sloughed off. An incision was made and it was again taken up. 'It is well it is not the main artery,' said the surgeon, as he performed the operation; 'he would have bled to death before it could have been taken up.' But Charley got on finely, and was a favorite with us all."

"I was passing through the ward, one night, about midnight, when suddenly, as I was passing Charley's bed, he spoke to me; '—my leg is bleeding again.' I threw back the bed clothes, and the blood spirted in the air. The main artery had sloughed off."

"Fortunately I knew just what to do, and in an instant I had pressed my thumb on the place and stopped the bleeding. It was so close to the body that there was barely room for my thumb, but I succeeded in keeping it there, and, arousing one of the convalescents, sent him for the surgeon, who came in an arun. I am so thankful H—," said he, as he saw me, 'that you were up and knew what to do, for he must have bled to death before I could have got here.'

"But on an examination of the case, he looked exceedingly serious, and sent out for other surgeons. All came who were within reach, and a consultation was had over the poor fellow. One conclusion was reached by all. There was no place to work save the spot where my thumb was placed; they could not work under my thumb, and if I moved it he would bleed to death before the artery could be taken up. There was no way to save his life."

"Poor Charley! He was very calm when they told him, and requested that his brother, who was in the same hospital, might be called up. He came and sat down by the bedside, and for three hours I stood, and by the pressure of my thumb kept up the life of Charley, while the brothers had their last conversation on earth. It was a strange place for me to be in, to feel that I held the life of a fellow mortal in my hands, as it were, and stranger yet, to feel that an act of mine must cause that life to depart. Loving the poor fellow as I did, it was a hard thought, but there was no alternative."

"The last words were spoken, Charley had arranged all his business affairs, and sent tender messages to absent ones, who little dreamed how near their loved one stood to the grave. The tears filled my eyes the more as I listened to those parting words. 'All were sad, and he turned to me, 'Now, H—, I guess you had better take your thumb off.' 'Oh, Charley, how can I?' said I. 'But it must be, you know,' replied he cheerfully. 'I thank you very much for your kindness, and now, good bye.'"

"He turned away his head, I raised my thumb, once more the life current gushed forth, and in three minutes poor Charley was dead."

ADVANTAGES OF WEDLOCK.—None but the married man has a home in his old age. None has friends, then, but he; none but he knows and feels the solace of the domestic hearth; none but he lives and freshens in his green old age, amid the affections of his children. There is no tear shed for the old bachelor; there is no ready hand and kind heart to cheer him in his loneliness and bereavement; there is none in whose eyes he can see himself reflected, and from whose lips he can receive the unflinching assurances of care and love. No. The old bachelor may be counted for his money. He may eat and drink and revel, as such things do; and he may sicken and die in a hotel or garret, with plenty of attendants about him, like so many cormorants waiting for their prey. But he will never know what it is to be loved, and to live and to die amid a loved circle. He can never know the comforts of the domestic fireside.

LIFE'S HAPPIEST PERIOD.—Kingsley gives his evidence on this disputed point. He thus declares: "There is no pleasure that I have experienced like a child's midsummer holiday—the time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinner with us, and come home at night tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great new razor three little trout, and one shoe—the other having been used for a boat, till it had gone down with all hands, out of soundings. How poor our Darby days, our Greenwich dinners, our evening parties, where there are plenty of nice girls, after that! Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasures or grief after fourteen as he does before, unless, in some cases in his first love-making, when the sensation is new to him."

A Minister writes thus sensibly to the Eastern Argus:

When a minister throws his cloak of morality over a political question, and discusses it in such a manner that all present can read his motives, and his political prejudices, as easy as he can read his notes, is he not a political preacher?

I detect political preaching from moral and religious considerations. It tends to lower the dignity of the pulpit—to corrupt Christianity—to bring into disrepute the office of the ministry—to create strife among brethren—to convert into a Babel the church of God. Such ministers should give up their commission to preach; the church can do better without them; and should they leave the country, the pure republicanism would sustain no loss."

When the storm of adversity whistles around you, whistle as bravely yourself, perhaps the two whistles may make melody.

A Provost Marshal and a Spunky Postmaster.

OFFICE ASSISTANT PROVOST MARSHAL, FULTON, Mo., April 22, 1863.

It having come to the knowledge of the Provost Marshal, of Callaway County, that certain newspapers, namely: *Caucasian*, published in New York city; the *Chicago Times*, published in Chicago, Ill.; the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, published in Cincinnati, Ohio, and the *Crisis*, published in Columbus, Ohio, have been, and are yet, being extensively circulated through the various post offices throughout this county, among the rebel sympathizers, and it being well known that while professing to be loyal to the Government, the doctrines promulgated by those sheets are of a character only tending to give aid and comfort to rebels and enemies of the Government, and to stir up a spirit of discord and opposition to the constituted authorities of the United States, and thereby strongly tending to bring about a repetition in this county, of even a more aggravated character, the troubles of the past summer.

It is therefore ordered, that all Postmasters throughout this county make returns to this office of all copies of the above named newspapers that may come to their respective offices for distribution, together with any and all other documents of the same incendiary kind. All persons who have been or may be engaged in distributing the above named newspapers, in any manner whatever, are hereby required to cease at once the distribution thereof.

T. S. STAUBER,
Assistant Provost Marshal.

Post-office, FULTON, May 1, '63.

The above order was handed to me on Wednesday last, and I would respectfully notify the people of this county, and especially those who get their mail matter at this office, that I do not belong to t. j. stauber, or am I subject to his orders.

I do not recollect that I have ever disobeyed any legal order, nor do I expect to do so. If any person asks any thing of me in a proper manner, it makes no difference how humble their position in life is—even though it be a loyal citizen of African descent—I will use my utmost influence to accommodate them; but where any person assumes authority that does not properly belong to them, and they undertake to domineer over Captain Isaac D. Sneedecor, they may expect to find an impediment in their way larger than they expected—say about 215 pounds.

ISAAC D. SNEDECOR, P. M.

THE USE OF GRANDMOTHERS.—A little boy, who had spilled a pitcher of milk, stood crying, in view of a whipping, over the wreck. A little playmate stepped up to him and said, condescendingly: Why, Bobby, haven't you got a grandmother?

If there's not a sermon in that text, where shall one find it? Who of us cannot remember that family mediator, always ready with an excuse for broken china, or torn clothes, or tardy lessons or little white fibs? Who was it that had always on hand the convenient stomachache, or headache, or toothache, to work on paternal tenderness?

Those consoling sticks of candy, or paper of sugar-plums never gave out, and who always kept string to play horse with, and could improvise riding whips and tiny kites, and dress rag babies, and tell stories between daylight and dark to ward off the dreaded go-to-bed hour?

Who staid at home, none so happy, with children, while papa and mamma "went pleasureing"? Who straightened out the little waxen limbs for the coffin when papa and mamma were blind with tears?

Who gathered up the little useless robes and shoes and toys, and hid them away from torturing sight till heaven's own balm was poured into those aching hearts?—Alas! if only our grown up follies might always find as merciful judgment, how many whom harshness and severity have driven to despair and crime, were now to be found useful and happy members of society.

FANNY FERN.

THE GRAVE OF BUNYAN.—The grave of Bunyan is thus described by a correspondent of the Watchman and Reflector.

In a previous letter I alluded to a walk in the City Road, passing through what was once the famous Moorfield, and of looking into Bunhill Fields, and the graveyard of Wesley. I have since made a second visit to these sacred localities, and found admittance to the burying places. Bunyan lies in Bunhill Fields, a cemetery crowded with graves, and thick with monuments and slabs. Asking a lad whom I had met at the entrance, if he could point me to Bunyan's grave, 'Yes,' said he 'there he lies, covered with a sheet.' Taking the direction pointed out, I soon stood by the grave and the monument of the inimitable allegorist. And there, indeed, he lies, wrapped in a cloak, with a book under his arm, sleeping and dreaming—hewn out of white marble on the slab which covers his monument. On the monument is this simple but sufficient inscription: "John Bunyan, the author of Pilgrim's Progress." On one side, chisled in the stone, is Pilgrim, with his burden, leaning on his staff, with a countenance of deepest anguish. On the opposite side is Pilgrim grasping the cross, his eyes resting on it, his burden rolled off at its foot, and his countenance radiant with peace and joy.

THE NEGRO ARMY.—Mr. Stanton has given assurance, within a day or two, of his purpose to protect the negro soldiers in the service of the United States at all hazards. He will hold white rebels as hostages for the safe delivery of loyal negro soldiers who may fall into the hands of the enemy. If a negro soldier is hung by Jeff Davis, a white rebel soldier will instantly be executed. An announcement to that effect will soon be made. It is said that Mr. Stanton is sanguine of raising a colored army of two hundred thousand strong before the year closes.—Philadelphia Press.

THE FREQUENTY OF RATS.—The *Farmer's Gazette* (English) asserts and proves by figures that one pair of rats will have a progeny and descendants amounting to no less than 651,050 in three years.

The Origin of Beauty.

When the eternal mandate was uttered, that our first parents must leave for Eden, sadly they turned to leave their bright abode.

Eve gazed upon the flowers, her earliest and latest care, the tall trees with their golden fruit, the sparkling fountain, the river winding between hill and valley, the birds whose plumage had delighted her eye, and whose songs had lulled her to repose at night and awakened her to fresh scenes of loveliness at morn.

Heavy was her heart for she could see no light. She had brought sin, wretchedness and sorrow into the world, and all that was lovely in life was passed, and all that was bitter to be endured was in the future. She turned to Adam, and for the first time in all her misery, remembered that she was not alone, she had at least one human friend.

Then there beamed upon her face a pure light, a radiant smile in which was mingled all of woman's faith, all her fortitude and devotion as she exclaimed, "Thank God, we go forth together!"

The angel at the gate beheld that look of marvelous loveliness that triumphant smile and sighed; he knew that such beauty was too high a boon to be bestowed upon human being.

Far better for Eve than when next she should see her face in the fountain, it should be that of a sin-tempered, suffering woman, than a joyous spirit, for it would remind her that henceforth her lot, and all her daughters, was not to triumph but to endure.

But the angel stole that heavenly expression from the face of our erring mother, as the left the bowers in Paradise; he wove it with the last rays of the sun shed over the home so lately unsullied by sin, and occasionally he flings the ethereal vesture over mortals upon their entrance into this world, thereby giving them a faint shadow of Eve's last look in Eden, and thus we have the origin of beauty.

AN EDITOR IN A NEW SUIT.—The editor of the Tennessee *Clarion* gets off the following:

"Disinstructed.—We have lately got a new suit of clothes, and no man could be more effectually disguised. We look like a gentleman. Upon first putting them on, we felt like a cat in a strange garret—for a long time thought we were swamped off. We went to the house and scared the baby almost into fits; our wife asked us if we wanted to see Mr. Clarke, and told us we would find him at the office; went there, and pretty soon one of our business men came in with a strip of paper in his hand. He asked if the editor was in; told him no; asked if he wished to see him particularly; said he wanted him to pay that bill; told him we didn't think he'd be in; business man left.

We started to the house again; met a couple of ladies; one of them asked the other: 'What handsome stranger is that?' In our dilemma we met a friend and told him who we were, and got him to introduce us to our wife, who is now as proud of us as she can be. The next time we get a new suit of clothes, we shall let our wife know beforehand."

From the New York World, May 29.

Excitement in the City.

The news received yesterday of the depredations committed by the Alabama and Florida created much alarm and anxiety in commercial circles in this city. The nine vessels destroyed are valued in the aggregate at over one million and a quarter of dollars. The merchants say their ships are no longer safe while sailing under the United States flag. There is indignation as well as alarm in South and Wall-street, and England comes in for a large share of denunciation. Fears are moreover entertained that by this time the consort of the Florida and Alabama—the new steamer called the Virginia—will shortly be cruising in their company, and the value of American property upon the seas is becoming daily more precarious.

WOMAN'S "THIRTY POINTS."—An old Spanish writer says that a woman is quite perfect and absolute in beauty if she have thirty good points. Here they are:

Three things white—the skin, the teeth, the hands.

Three black—the eyes, the eyebrows, and eye-lashes.